

Children's Newspaper, December 20, 1923

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?
Ask for My Magazine—Edited by Arthur Mee

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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SOME OF THE YEAR'S GOOD THINGS

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KREMLIN'S SECRET

A BOX OF OLD PAPERS

The Bundle the Poor Student
Took to His Garret

A FAMOUS TSAR AND HIS TREASURES

The great Kremlin on the hill at Moscow has had many secrets in its day, but no other quite like the secret it is said to hold of a famous library of long ago. The story of it shows us that nothing is too wonderful to happen in everyday life.

A little time ago four workmen were busy on repairs in the Upenksi Cathedral in the old fortress of the Kremlin which stands on the hill above the Moskva River. They were working not far from the tomb of Ivan the Terrible, and in the course of their delving came upon a little casket, rusty from age, securely locked. There was a painted device on the lid of the casket showing a skull and a couple of daggers.

An Exciting Moment

It seemed to be just the kind of box to hold ancient jewels and gold. The men naturally wanted to open the box there and then, but they decided it would be wisest to wait for the evening and look into it in private. They made sure that none of the other labourers working at a small distance in the Kremlin had seen their discovery, and then hid the casket underneath a mass of cement. But only for the time being.

When night came they managed to get their booty safely out of the precincts, hiding it casually under a thick coat, and went straight off to an eating-house they knew. There, in a secret corner, unobserved, they managed to break open the lid.

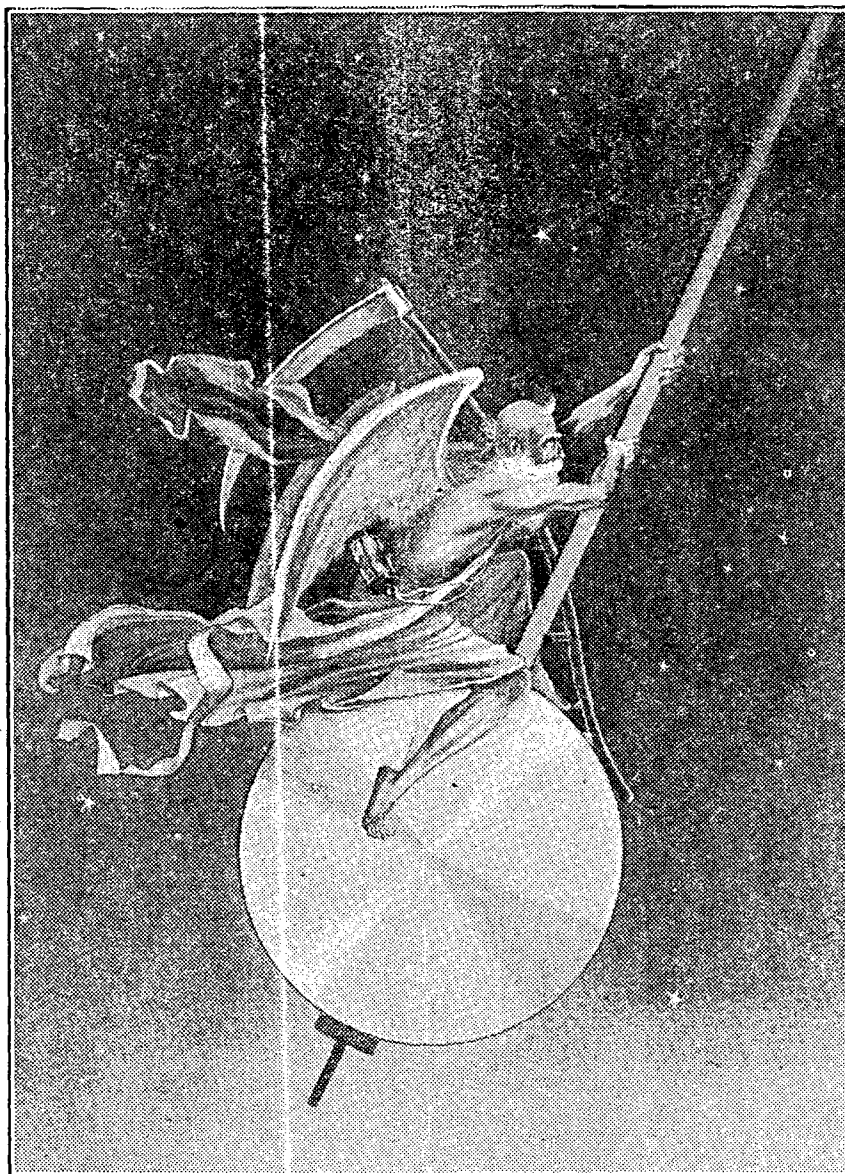
The casket was a bitter disappointment. It contained nothing but a mouldy roll of parchment covered with writing. The four treasure-finders tossed the roll on the floor and as soon as they had taken the edge off their appetites began to discuss the problem of getting the casket back to where they found it. A Russian will talk all night about anything without getting any nearer the point.

An All-Night Reading

The workmen got excited, left the discussion of the casket far behind, and ended in a violent quarrel about something that did not matter in the least. When they came to blows the landlord turned them out. They went off fuming, the casket forgotten. No one noticed it, lying in the filthy straw that covered the floor, until a student came in and sat down in the same corner. He chanced to see the parchment roll and was immediately seized with a violent curiosity as to its cramped, old-fashioned handwriting.

The landlord said he knew nothing about it and the student took it home. There, in his garret, the great hour

Father Time Swings in the New Year



Throughout 1925 Father Time has been swinging his pendulum to and fro, and now at the very end of the year he gives the final swing which carries him into the New Year—1926—with all its splendid possibilities and opportunities

of his life dawned. He forgot past and present, everything except the parchment, which he had cleaned of mould and pinned out on his table. Line by line he succeeded in deciphering the ancient script.

It was an index of the lost library of Ivan the Terrible, one of the greatest collections of books in the world.

For three and a half centuries there had been a mystery connected with this library. Ivan the Fourth, a strong ruler, known as The Terrible because of his ruthless dealings with some of his subjects, had an intense love of beautiful things. He hoarded books and manuscripts as a miser hoards gold. Among the treasures he pored over in secret were 67 illuminated Bibles, 8900 illuminated manuscripts, and over 300 miniature paintings on ivory. He had books which had come from the famous library of Alexandria, works written by Plato and Aristotle.

After his death there was a mystery about the great collection, which scholars

of Europe longed to see. No one could find it. Wildest conjectures were made about the library and in the end it was given up for lost.

Some of the stories current said that Boris Godonov had destroyed it; some said that the precious manuscripts had gone overboard in a sudden storm which occurred when they were being ferried across the Volga.

Ruler after ruler made searches for the lost treasure; Peter the Great made many unavailing efforts to find it. No one thought of digging into the secret foundations of the Kremlin, until the student read the parchment roll and gathered from it that the manuscripts were perhaps hidden there!

Now the delving is going on at the roots of this mighty old fortress. The Kremlin is a huge place, enclosed by a great wall, with five gateways and nineteen towers. The search may take a long time, but news will be listened for eagerly by all scholars, for who knows what treasure may be found there?

NOTHING

But the Recording Angel Put it Down

By One Who Read About It

It is not so long since the C.N. was telling the story of a sorrow-stricken Eskimo mother who went down a hole in the ice to seek death. We have just heard a story of a young man who went down a hole in the ice to seek life.

During the frost a number of boys and girls were sliding on a frozen pond in a brickyard near Shildon. They had not troubled to test the ice, and Harold Whiteman fell through a gaping hole. He clung to the slippery edges and tried to twist himself out. The others were too inexperienced to go about the rescue in the right way.

At that moment the midday bus from Darlington to Bishop Auckland came along. The driver pulled up, hearing a tragic cry: "He's gone!"

A Young Man Comes

Poor Harold's benumbed hands had lost hold and he had sunk down into the black hole. A panic fell on the youngsters who had been shouting with joy a few minutes earlier. Someone was bringing a plank, but it was too late. No face showed above the water in the ice hole.

Suddenly the group of boys and girls on the shore was parted. A young man who had jumped off the bus pushed his way through, and before the watchers could realise his intentions he had dived into the water.

A shout of admiration went up. Then came a tense, silent watching. A minute is a long time beating out second by second, when it is counting the life chances of two people under water. Another minute. . . .

At that moment a hand came out on the edge of the ice and the head of the young man appeared. He seemed to be in difficulties, unable to get out. Then a cheer went up, for it was seen that he was holding up the form of Harold Whiteman.

The Young Man Goes

It was not without a fearful struggle that the rescuer heaved his burden out of the deadly grip of the water. Willing hands went to the rescue and the crowd broke into a babel of excitement as the boy was carried hastily off home. His rescuer dried himself as best he could and quietly went back to the bus to continue his journey. The fellow passengers had quietly made a collection for him, but he would not touch it. He would not say who he was. He just laughed and said, "Oh, it's nothing."

Nothing? said Harold Whiteman's mother that night, when she saw her boy safe in bed. Nothing? said many a mother, hearing the story. Nothing? said the Recording Angel.

Well, at least it was brave, and at least it was human, and at least it was English; and the C.N. sends its greetings to the young man on the bus.

PLAYING WITH WIRELESS

HOW THEY DO IT IN AMERICA

The Wonder of the World Still in its Stone Age

A LITTLE LISTEN-IN

Everybody agrees that slow-going old England has done very well with her wireless since it was started.

She began to think about it only when most of the lucky boys in America had already been given receiving sets as Christmas presents; and when the great idea of broadcasting was presented to her it was months, and almost years, before she got her programmes into shape. But when she had got them as she wanted they went as smoothly as if some ethereal traffic policeman were regulating them. They go, in fact, with a good deal more speed and certainty than most traffic in our crowded cities, though if we could but see a picture of the countless ether waves that cross and re-cross, surge and overlap, we might realise that the traffic of the streets is a trifle compared with that which goes on in the mysterious ocean overhead.

Where Britain Scores

Britain has regulated and regularised her traffic, confining it to its own white lines. The consequence is that every listener-in from Land's End to John o' Groat's can adjust his receiving set, and from his own armchair hear night by night the curfew of Big Ben, the clear voice of the Announcer, and then the programme he wants to hear. It may be a message from the King that begins it, or the speech of a statesman or a preacher. Whatever it is, whether the band at Kneller Hall, or a solo on the violin, or the nightingale singing in a Surrey garden, it will be heard clearly and without interruption.

Freedom Brings Chaos

That seems a simple thing, but in America, the land of freedom, they have entirely lost its attainment. One of their critics, Mr. Hoover, the Secretary of Commerce, when opening the National Radio Conference made it clear that in broadcasting America is still back in the Stone Age of wireless. There are so many broadcasting stations, each one at liberty to broadcast what it likes and when it likes, that the freedom of the air has degenerated into licence. They speak so much that they cannot be heard for one another.

The source of this pernicious interruption is the liberty given to anybody to broadcast advertisements mixed with the programmes of song and speech which they send out. These irrelevancies jostle anything else that may be coming from more important sources.

A Diversified Evening

Thus the evening of an American listener-in goes somewhat as follows:

Washington calling. The Secretary of Finance speaking:

It is hard to say how our Debt Funding Commission could have granted more favourable concessions to Europe. Uncle Sam has learned that; though kind hearts are more than coronets, they are an indifferent substitute for the payment of interest—

Interruption from Chicago:

Achoo! Achoo! Colds, colds, colds! One right after the other. That sneeze tells you. Use our Codliver-Gasoline every night as a douche!

Voice from New York, followed by a performance by the celebrated Ukelele Quartette and interrupted by announcement from Pittsburg:

We want you to make a thirty-day test of Bustem! We will mail you one week's supply. Or if you wish to begin the test today, get it at your grocer's.

Interrupted by Operatic selections rather jumbled from the Philadelphia Philhar-

AN OLD LADY'S TRAVELS

Thirteen Times Round the World

THE PASSENGER OF THE PLEIADES

An old lady has just died at Exmouth aged 83. She was Mrs. Setton, a great sea rover in her day. Her husband, who died before she did, was master of the Pleiades, a fine schooner of a class we never see now.

The Pleiades is a pretty name for a ship and a gallant little vessel she was. She flecked her way in and out of the Eastern seas, leaving a merry wake of foam behind her, went fast asleep in the calms, and then woke and doubled up under the crashing gale, shook herself and came up smiling, and presently came to anchor again in the Sound.

Mrs. Setton loved her husband; and she loved the sea, and she loved the schooner, and one fine day she said: "I'm coming with you, my dear. You really must have someone to mend your socks." And out the Pleiades sailed again, her topsails winking as much as to say, "We've got a lady on board."

Mrs. Setton returned from her first voyage round the world well pleased. Anyone would think that to go round the world once was enough; but not Mrs. Setton. She went again. She got into the habit of going round the world, and before her husband died she had been round the world thirteen times.

We cannot help feeling a little aggrieved, and most envious. It seems not quite fair for one lady to go round the world for fun thirteen times when we cannot go one thirteenth part of the voyage once. She saw all the things we want to see, while the pretty Pleiades was pointing her nose to her namesake in the sky, or saying *How do you do?* to the Southern Cross.

TWO NATIONS AND AN OASIS

Jarabub Boundary Settled

At last Italy has settled the boundaries of her post-war African possessions. Jubaland we know about; now it is the turn of Jarabub.

Jarabub is an oasis in the Libyan Desert, a holy place of the Mohammedan sect of the Senussi, who have a monastery and a theological school there and the tomb and mosque of their founder.

It stands between the Italian colony of Cyrenaica, next to Tripoli, and the western confines of Egypt. The frontier there has long been in dispute. Signor Scialoja nearly settled it with Lord Milner, but when Egypt was given independence he was told he must settle with the Egyptian Government. That he has at last succeeded in doing, and Jarabub is now in Italian territory.

It is a great success for Italy, for Jarabub is clearly an important centre. Italy has promised to treat the tomb as a sacred place.

Continued from the previous column

monic, which are followed by a word from Poughkeepsie saying:

A home where the family can have the jolliest kind of good time and yet everything be in order in a jiffy. That's what Mother and the kiddies want. A Petroleum cork rug will give it to them!

And so on. After an evening diversified thus, what wonder if the listener-in turns a deaf ear to the advertised allurements of the "Super Receiving Set, the Lyric Wave, Type 500, the ultimate in radio, wonderful range, exquisite tone, enabling you to listen to any programme with the same thrill and breathless interest as felt by the original audience."

The listener-in simply does not believe it. He removes the headphones and goes to the Pictures.

THE WIND, THE WAVE, AND THE WILL

A Thrilling Tale of Pentland Firth

WHAT HAPPENED TO A BATTLESHIP

Three powers there are which are said to break all barriers—the power of the Wind, the power of the Wave, the power of the Will.

Nothing can withstand their unrelenting pressure, and Captain A. F. Carpenter, who won his Victoria Cross at Zeebrugge, telling a tale of the sea to the boys and girls of London schools the other day, illustrated in his own person the last of these three forces.

But it was not of that superhuman feat of storming the Zeebrugge mole that he was speaking. He was recounting to these children, who had won prizes for essays on the work of the life-boat, a tale of Pentland Firth, to illustrate the forces of wind and sea which those who live by them encounter.

The Captain's Escape

One of Lord Jellicoe's battleships was steaming at night against a westerly gale which was blowing furiously against the set of the tide. At midnight one of the waves thrown up struck the ship and hurled itself against the conning tower and the bridge. The conning tower was built of 11-inch steel armour; the charge of a dozen motor lorries or a Tank would scarcely have scratched it. But the wave crumpled it up as if it had been brown paper.

The ship's bridges were smashed to matchwood. The captain was hurled overboard, but a returning wave bore him back to the safety of his deck. The navigating officer was afterwards found still living, at the stern of the ship, with an iron bar sticking in his side, but every other man on the bridge was torn away, and never seen again.

These are the forces of wind and wave, against which brave sailors set their will, and not always in vain.

THE TERRIER ON KINDER SCOUT

Poor Little Brown Dog

Kinder Scout has been the scene of another sad little story.

For some time the shepherds and farmers of the Peak moorlands have been looking for a dog turned rogue, who has been running amok among the flocks, and killing sheep. It is not easy to trace one dog on Kinder Scout, as those who know the district are aware.

Kinder Scout, over 200 feet high, is a great plateau of deeply rutted peat land, very dangerous going. Few people cross it except in the height of summer. Some good walkers content themselves with a pleasant march of twenty miles round the plateau.

The rogue terrier knew quite well that he was fairly safe on Kinder Scout. But he forgot about the snow, and the snow betrayed him.

The gamekeepers of the district found one day the marks of a dog's feet in the snow. They followed the tracks from Kinder to Ashopton and then lost the trail. Presently they picked it up again and traced the footmarks to Williams Clough. There they saw the dog lying fast asleep.

They saw that it was not the usual sheep dog turned rogue, such as from time to time have created terrible havoc in the flocks. It was just a nice little brown terrier, in excellent condition save for its pads, which were almost worn away by running on the rocks and rough land. The dog awoke and tried to escape but was hampered by the snow, and the guns quickly finished him.

THE OLD TIMBER CHIEF PASSES AWAY

Very Rich in Courage and Money

HIS GREATEST DAY

The richest and one of the nicest men in Canada has passed on. He was a romantic figure, the kind of man that story books are made of.

His name was John Rudolphus Booth. He was born about the same time as the railway engine or just a little after, and he passed from keenest poverty to a fabulous wealth. John began as a lumber-jack in Quebec, and ended by controlling more lumber and pulp and paper mills than any other man in Canada. Once, when somebody asked him what capital he had when he arrived at Ottawa, he stretched out his arms and said: "These two arms only."

There were few people like him anywhere. He had a genius for work and organisation. He refused to grow old, refused to let anyone else do his job. To the end he was simple minded and hated show. A lot of men can tell stories of the grey old Timber Chief who, although a millionaire, was never so happy as when he was out at the logging camps in high boots and overalls, "dead to the world" for weeks at a time.

Four Fires

He had amazing strength of character, and never knew what it was to be beaten. Four times his great mill was burned down and four times he fearlessly rebuilt it, each time bigger than before.

He wanted very few things for himself, but gave to others with both hands. He was a great despot in his way, but a kind despot, and if people learned that it was unwise to thwart him, they also learned that his judgment was generally sound.

From the world's point of view his greatest day came last year when his granddaughter married Prince Erik of Denmark. But from old John's point of view, his greatest day was when his mills were in ashes and he was almost ruined, and he had to begin the big, glorious battle all over again.

THINGS SAID

I think all motor vehicles travel too fast. *Westminster County Court Judge*

Few women have the skill to make clothes for their children nowadays. *North London Magistrate*

If you take music out of the world I am going with it. *Gipsy Smith*

Either the nations must scrap submarines, bombing aeroplanes, and poison gas, or they will scrap civilisation.

Mr. Hudson Maxim
Sooner or later there will be a Locarno for the States of Central Europe.

Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia
Unhappiness has gone out of fashion.

Mr. A. B. Walkley
The deadliest poison of our time is irresponsibility.

President of the United Methodist Church
The most terrible thing that could happen to a man or a nation is that the intellect should get ahead of the spiritual.

Sir Conan Doyle
Unemployment figures nearly bring tears to my eyes.

Hull Stipendiary Magistrate
Locarno should make one family of Europe, with its health tended by the League of Nations.

M. Briand
Our language is a manly language and we must take care to keep it in a manly state.

Mr. St. John Ervine
Has not the time arrived when the Ministers of Education of the five or six most alert nations should agree to make Esperanto a subject of school teaching?

Mr. Norman Angell

GIANT FOR THE ZOO AN ELK COMES TO TOWN

A Tale of One that Came in
Other Days

GILBERT WHITE'S ADVENTURE

The London Zoo has gained a rich prize. A Scandinavian elk has come to town as a resident.

This animal, which is called the moose in North America, is the giant of the deer tribe, as the eland is the giant of the gazelles, the elephant the giant of the thick-skinned animals, and the ostrich the giant of the birds. The Zoo has not had one for half a century and more.

Our new visitor is a male, still in his second year, yet he had to be detained in custody till he had shed his antlers, whose size made it impossible to box him up for the voyage. New antlers are grown each year, with an annual increase of size, until by the end of the ninth year they weigh over 60 pounds, and have a span of some 66 inches; while the elk itself, close upon seven feet high at the shoulder, weighs between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In Ice Age Days

Many a herd of elk roamed old England in the Ice Age days which saw the reindeer and the musk ox here, but in historic times they have come so rarely that the advent of one of the species naturally stimulates excitement. Much, therefore, has been written about the present newcomer, but nothing to compare with the fascinating description set down in one of his letters by old Gilbert White of Selborne, more than one hundred and fifty years ago.

This must have been the first of modern elk in England. At any rate, as soon as he heard of it he rode off from his quiet parsonage at Selborne to see the wonder in its home on the Duke of Richmond's estate at Goodwood. Alas! the moose had expired the day before White arrived, but it was still intact in the greenhouse which had been its sick ward, and there the enthusiastic parson found it slung up in the way that we sling ailing horses at the present time.

An Unexcelled Description

The heat of the conservatory had had something like the effect which the Sun has upon dead animals in the tropics, but nevertheless the placid hero made a thorough investigation, and wrote a description of moose structure which has never been excelled.

The huge head of this creature, with the grasping lips and short, thick neck, are set on high legs so that, like a giraffe, it must browse on trees or straddle with awkward pose to crop high-growing grass and water plants.

We welcome the Zoo's latest visitor the more from the fact that its predecessor afforded White so desperately unpleasant a task, and that out of it emerged a masterpiece of description in which five generations of mankind have found instruction and delight. We have but to read White's story of his moose and compare it with anything else of the kind that has been written since to see how justly he is named the father of modern natural history.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

An etching by Whistler . . .	£300
Painting by Fantin Latour . .	£232
16th-century Spanish cabinet	£199
Queen Anne silver chocolate pot	£180
A black lacquer screen . . .	£145
A William and Mary wardrobe	£120
A Cromwellian table . . .	£83
An Old English clock . . .	£58

A rough draft of a proclamation by Napoleon, written during his banishment at St. Helena, sold for £40.

WINTER SPORTS IN ENGLAND



A happy pair tobogganing on Parliament Hill, London



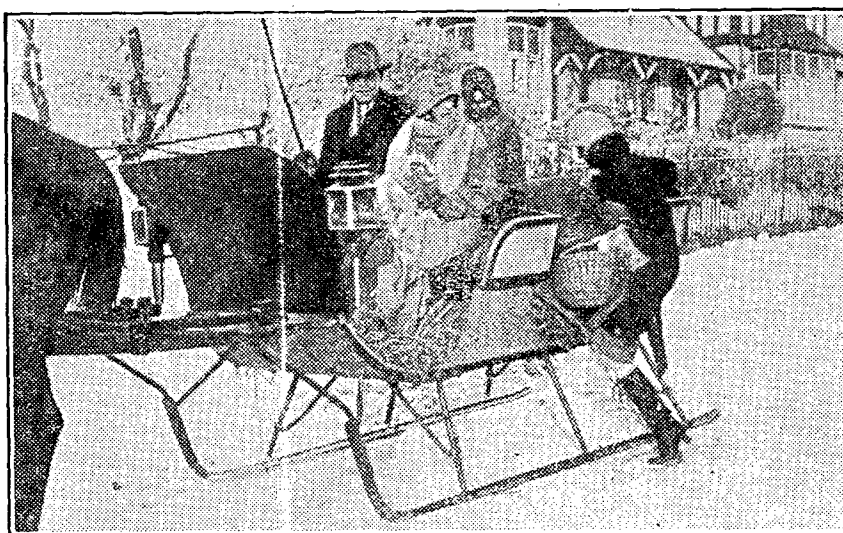
A graceful pose by skilful skaters at Wimbledon Park



Curling on the Curling Rink at Wimbledon Golf Club



Undergraduates play hockey on the ice at Oxford



A sleigh party off for a drive at Buxton

England has been in the grip of winter, and during the cold spell all kinds of winter sports have been played, as shown in these pictures. The sleighing picture, with a lady wearing Russian boots, looks as if it had been taken in Russia rather than in England

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA IN THE MORNING

WHY A LITTLE BOOK
IS GOING

Romantic Story Beginning at
the Door of St. Paul's

FORTUNE IN A POEM

Three hundred years ago a bookseller called Robert Mylbourne kept a shop in what we call now St. Paul's Churchyard. The men who loved books, and were always pottering about the book-stalls, saw one day a new little volume for sale in Robert's shop.

It was a poem called *The Late Massacre in Virginia*, written by Christopher Brook, and dated 1622. The title, spread into a great many lines, sprawled in arrogant letters all down the title page in the way dear to old-time printers, and at the bottom the type said:

Printed for Robert Mylbourne
And to be sold at his shop
at the

Great South Door of St. Paul's.

One of the copies of this poem found its way into the library of an old English home, and there it stayed. Three centuries passed by. The other day the contents of this famous library went down at the auctioneer's hammer, and this little book which Robert Mylbourne had sold for a shilling or two was sold again for £2700. The buyer was Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia.

The reason this enormous sum was paid for it is partly because of the romantic associations of the poem, and partly because it is a rare copy, perhaps the only one. Many poems have been written on early American history, but this book is supposed to be the first celebration in verse of the doings of the Virginian settlers.

Lost in the Great Fire

No one knows what happened to the other copies. Robert would not print many at a venture. Those he sold got squandered here and there, and the Great Fire of London in 1666 ate up any amount of remainders.

St. Paul's Churchyard today is a vastly different sight from what it was that day when some old bookworm, wandering around the bookshops, picked up that copy of *The Late Massacre in Virginia*. Round the old Gothic Cathedral of St. Paul's gathered a great concourse of noisy, friendly life. All the business of the city ebbed up to its doors; all the news of the town was told there. Little gabled houses jostled each other where now warehouses and offices stand, and winding alleys led down to the wharves and docks of the Thames.

Ludgate Hill was a rough, cobbly, dirty lane with shops and houses on either hand; fantastic signs hanging over the doorways, and shop 'prentices always darting in and out slouting to the people to come in and buy. Now and again there would be a great outcry—some lord's coach stuck in the ruts; a quarrel up on the hill by Paul's; someone robbed, and the 'prentices rushing off in keen delight shouting Stop Thief!

The New Colony

Robert Mylbourne, selling books by the Great South Door, thought it was all very modern and grand, and would talk with his customers of what London was like in his great-grandfather's day. He would also talk about the sorry doings in the new Virginian colony, distant from London by many months' sail across a hazardous ocean.

How amazed he would have been had he been told that a vast nation would spring up from the handful of Englishmen who had settled in Virginia, and that the little book he had printed about one of their early skirmishes would one day be worth a king's ransom.

We should have liked to keep *The Late Massacre* poem in England; but like so many bundles and treasures and hopes, it is off to Philadelphia in the morning.

POOR BABY ELEPHANT

PHYSIC AND FUSS AT THE ZOO

The Bear that Could Not be Made to Take its Medicine A LESSON IN FORCE

The clouds and rain and chilly air-currents from frigid quarters which combined to make last summer memorably dismal, have left their record on life as well as on the weather charts.

We had no pears to speak of, the apples were not sweet, all fruit crops were short and unsatisfactory, and human and animal health suffered more than can be shown in writing or picture.

One unmistakable evidence, however, is manifest for all who visit the Zoo, where a baby elephant, which came to London at the beginning of the year, has been so badly affected by the absence of life-sustaining sunlight that it has developed rickets, like an equally unfortunate human baby. Its front legs have become distorted under its weight and it has grown knock-kneed.

In Surgical Boots

Such a disfigurement is intolerable to the clever people at the Zoo, and they have put the young gentleman into surgical boots, just as we apply support and restraint to the limbs of little children who are inclined that way.

It has been discovered of late that cod-liver oil upon which sunlight has played is a sovereign remedy for rickets, and the fancy plays round the notion of this juvenile elephant taking a daily dose of that beneficial but unpleasant fluid. Supposing he did not like it, and showed his dislike by turning the bucketful against his keeper-doctor!

Elephants do prankiest things at times, as we all know. One youngster of the tribe, very much petted and spoilt by the doctors and staff of an Indian military hospital, used to accompany the surgeon on his morning round of the ground-floor ward, much to the delight of the soldiers.

An Indignant Bruin

One morning a pill was handed to a patient, who let it slip through his fingers on to the floor. In an instant the little elephant recovered it from beneath the bed with his trunk, popped it into the open mouth of the laughing soldier, and then, with a hearty blast, blew it down his throat!

So, if they were to force the Zoo baby giant to take cod-liver oil, strange things might happen. Some years ago Dr. Chalmers Mitchell tried to dose a young bear with castor oil. For half an hour and more the doctor and the keepers tried all their arts to get Bruin to drink, but he resisted indignantly.

A Lesson for Us All

Nothing could make him accept his medicine, and at last the doctor, bitten, torn, scratched, and his clothes in rags, gave up the struggle in disgust. As a last resource he thought, "I'll just see if you will take it voluntarily," and poured some of the oil into a saucer.

In an instant the undefeated bear lapped it up with gusto! He loved castor oil, but the spirit of rebellion in him had made him fight coercion till his doctor was exhausted. So, if they should act upon this hint at the Zoo and try cod-liver oil on the little elephant, doubtless Dr. Chalmers Mitchell will say, "Give him the bottle and let him help himself." There is a lesson for us all here, perhaps. If people will not take things by force, let us try persuasion; they may then be taken voluntarily.

GAVELKIND GOES PASSING OF AN ANCIENT LAW

A Kent Link with Alfred and the Conqueror

THE MYSTERIOUS HEIR WHO MIGHT TURN UP

One of the most ancient laws in relation to land will cease to exist next month; it is the law known as Gavelkind. It survives only in Kent and one or two small districts elsewhere, and its disappearance will be hailed there with regret, yet with fervent thankfulness! For centuries legal scholars have waxed hot and contemptuous with each other over the meaning of Gavelkind.

We know of three main systems of law under which land was held. Under the Celtic law when a man died his property passed to the chief of the clan, who kept it for himself, or redistributed it among his followers. Under the Normans the property descended to the eldest son, a system modified by feudal customs in virtue of which a knight and his vassals had to render military service to the king, without cost, as payment for his land.

Kent and the Conqueror

But Gavelkind, the law of the land throughout King Alfred's time and for centuries before, provided that at the death of its owner property passed in equal shares to the sons. If a son died his share passed equally to his sons or daughters, or to his brother if he had left no heir, and so on for generation after generation.

That was the law for all England and Wales, and was for a time practised in Ireland. William the Conqueror swept away Gavelkind everywhere save in Kent, where it mysteriously survived. One explanation is that Kent won her immunity because of the stout resistance she offered to the Conqueror; another has it that he confirmed the county's ancient rights out of gratitude for protection extended to him by men of Kent after the battle of Senlac. Be that as it may, Kent is under Gavelkind today, and for a few more days.

A Picturesque Relic

The pity is that with its passing there disappears a law which secured an equal portion to each son; but the blessing is that Kentish property will now come into the market without the suggestion that a buyer may be purchasing a costly peril. For up to now, in spite of painful and expensive legal search for possible heirs, there has always been the danger that, when land has changed hands and been improved in condition, a forgotten son's descendants may turn up from the other side of the world to claim his unsuspected share of the bartered heritage.

Gavelkind is a picturesque relic of the dawn of land-holding, far older than Anglo-Saxondom, but in a modern world it has been a clog, a hindrance, even a danger to equitable commerce in landed property, so we shall surrender it with romantic sadness but much practical satisfaction.

A mysterious phrase in Kentish talk will disappear. Gavelkind prevented the forfeiture of land for treason. "The father to the bough, the son to the plough" they used to say, as the heir went about his work while his offending sire hung on the hangman's tree. But we can spare the phrase.

STATUE TO DOG HERO

Balto, the leader of the famous dog-team which raced with supplies to Nome, Alaska, during the diphtheria epidemic some time ago, is to have a statue in his honour in New York Central Park.

THEY ALL CAME BACK Queer Story of a Picture

A very queer story is being told of a picture by the celebrated French painter Jacques Louis David, in connection with the centenary of his death.

A Belgian family offered one of the State galleries the opportunity to buy what they called "the family portrait" which they said was by David. But the "family" in the portrait consisted of only one old lady sitting in an armchair belonging to a period much later than David's, and much too big for its purpose.

The authorities asked for an explanation, and the story they were told was that the old lady was originally surrounded by a very large family, but that as each one of them offended her she had their figures painted out of the picture. When they had all disappeared the picture looked so empty that the old lady had the chair enlarged.

The authorities politely expressed their thanks for the explanation—but did not buy the picture.

But someone else did, and he had the newer paint carefully removed, layer by layer. And there, underneath, sure enough, was the numerous family, and the old lady in the midst of them in a chair of the right period and the right size—and all obviously the handiwork of the great David!

MARY STUART'S WATCH A Windfall for an Impoverished Scotsman

A Nation in Search of a Past is one of the attractive ideas dealt with in the C.N. Monthly this month; it deals with America's habit of buying up the lovely things Old England cannot afford to keep in the face of competition from the richest country on the Earth.

Concerning this, our good auctioneer friend Mr. Hurcomb, who diligently reads the C.N., and was interested in the piece of furniture which sold for eleven hundred guineas, although the old lady only expected £10 or £15, tells us of a little pendant and a watch which belonged to Mary Stuart.

The owner, a Scot fallen upon hard times, expected only ten pounds for them, but Mr. Hurcomb advertised them and said he expected the competition from America would be very keen to possess these relics. A gallant Scot, seeing the advertisement, started a fund to stop the relics from crossing the Atlantic, and several hundreds of pounds were subscribed. But, alas! Mr. Hurcomb had to knock them down to a bidder from New York for £1669 10s.

TRUSTING THE WORLD Take Your Paper and Leave Your Penny

A correspondent who has read our stories of honest tradesmen who trust the public sends us this note on what happens at Vancouver.

In Vancouver they have a popular morning paper which many people like to read on their way to work. When it was found difficult to sell the paper and give change fast enough to let busy men catch a particular street-car the proprietors hit on a novel idea.

Plain wood stands are set up all along the busy streets, on which are stacks of papers under shelter from a shower, but where a passer-by can take one quickly, pop his money in a slot, and still catch his car.

Those who have no change one day put in two coins the next day. Some who do not mind taking what they can get for nothing, pick up the paper, glance at the main items of news, and put it down again! Nobody really loses by it, we are told.

LIKE NOVELS IN REAL LIFE

STRANGE STORIES TOLD TO JUDGES

"Dead" Men Who Surprise the Court

MAN WHO STOLE THE GREY MARE

Facts are constantly laying new foundations for novelists and playwrights, for the events of actual life are continually taking turns and playing pranks, as it were, such as to justify situations which sober minds condemn as incredible in fiction.

The other day an English court of law gave leave to presume the death of the son of a famous newspaper proprietor of an earlier day, and then, within two days, had to be informed that the man is alive.

"I have never before heard of such a thing," said the judge in cancelling his previous decision. We shall have to complete his lordship's education by bringing the Children's Pictorial to his attention, for at the very time of these strange events, the C.P. was telling of a precisely similar case, in which the supposedly dead man worked in the Law Courts and learned that the court had pronounced him dead from a document he was given to enter in the official records.

We may find another case if we turn to Ireland in the days when Daniel O'Connell was the lion of the Bar. He was present at Clonmel Assizes when a Tipperary man was charged with murdering another man with whom he had long been at enmity.

Innocent but Guilty

The evidence looked terribly black against the prisoner, who said nothing while the case for the prosecution was in progress. Then, called upon for his defence, he said he had none to offer beyond the calling of one witness.

"And who is this witness?" the Judge asked him.

"My only witness is the murdered man!" was the staggering reply.

At the calling of his name, in came the man himself, much frightened of the court and jury, but quite sound and well. He explained that, fearing arrest for his share in the fight, he had disappeared and lain low till, to his astonishment, he learned that the prisoner was indicted for murdering him, and that had promptly brought him out of hiding.

The judge, when he had recovered from his surprise, bade the jury acquit the prisoner, but the jury asked permission to retire and consult together. They were humoured and granted permission, and after an absence of two hours they returned into court with a verdict of Guilty!

"Good heavens!" said the judge, "of what is the prisoner guilty? Surely not of murder?"

"No, my lord," said the foreman, "but if he did not murder that man he stole my old grey mare!"

SPEEDING-UP CABLES

New Wonder of the Ocean Bed

When the new transatlantic cable which is nearing completion is laid early next year London and New York will be linked up by what is claimed to be the fastest cable in the world.

Messages will be transmitted from both ends simultaneously at 500 words a minute, an increase in speed made possible by the use of the new alloy called Permalloy.

The alloy, which has great magnetic properties, is wrapped round the copper core of the cable, lessening all possibility of any leakage of current.

The total cost of the new cable is about five million pounds

So Norfolk Island, it will be seen, is no longer out of touch with the crowded and busy parts of the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 26 1925

Here Are a Few,
Mr. Sheppard

If a newspaper chose to set out a list of the happy and hopeful things that have got done lately there would be much to chronicle. The Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

WE agree with you, Mr. Sheppard. The C.N. does its best to put them down. Here are a few we have recorded lately.

There was the quick raising of a wonderful fund for the saving of the Dome of St. Paul's.

There have been two big steps, a political step and a scientific step, towards the ending of the opium curse.

America has started a foundation of scholarships to keep company with the Cecil Rhodes scholarships in spreading brotherhood about the world.

The Post Office has started a good habit of putting up signs so that we can find a post office by night.

London has saved the famous room which Glasgow threw away, in which Lord Lister thought out the work that has saved a multitude of lives.

Some brave Canadians have climbed a hitherto unconquered peak, and stood on the highest point in Canada.

We have sent a British Flag to hang in the little chapel at Domremy, where Joan heard the voices.

We have established a new safeguard of life in the streets by the fixing of the White Line of Safety.

We have seen the Government of Poland change its mind at the last moment, allowing thousands of Germans to remain after being ordered to leave the country.

We have seen the anxiety of German divers to rescue an ill-fated British submarine.

We have seen Mr. Gandhi carrying on his great crusade to bring new hope to the most pathetic multitude of people in the world, the sixty million Untouchables of India.

We have seen a great rising of opinion against ugly monuments.

We have seen the L.C.C. begin to move against ugly electrical signs.

We have seen a determined effort to save Waterloo Bridge on the simple ground that it is beautiful.

We have seen the beginning of a movement to abolish the submarine.

We have seen a carnival abandoned on Armistice Day and turned into a solemn service, and have seen a hospital profit by the transformation.

We have seen Armistice Day fixed in our national life as a day of consecration and remembrance.

We have seen a young man jump from a bus, dive through a hole in the ice, save a drowning boy, and run back to catch his bus again, refusing to take a reward or to give his name.

For the first time in the history of the world we have seen a war stopped by order of the League of Nations after fighting had begun.

We have seen France and Germany agree to close the gates of war.

We have seen the laying of the foundation stone of the United States of Europe.

We have seen the beginning of the movement which may end in the turning of swords into ploughshares.

We have seen more things than a column will hold, but these will do to go on with, Mr. Sheppard.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why Be Old?

THERE died the other day a retired colonel who had not yet reached man's allotted span of three score and ten. "He grew old directly he retired," said his daughter, "he was so miserable at having nothing to do. For his own sake we could not be sorry when the end came."

Who could wish, we wonder, to prolong a life divided between sighing for days that are gone and querulous complaints about the present?

Surely the truth is that no man need grow old because his body does; he need not leave the battlefield for an arm-chair, a shawl, and a medicine bottle. Witness Mr. John Franklyn Browne, who at 75 has just graduated at Salem College, in West Virginia! Life is full of freshness and fascination for him, *because he is still learning!*

It is the best thing to do, the best way to avoid growing old. Let us learn.

1926

Lord, fill my life with service or with song

To Thee my Master, through the gliding year;

For daily praises may my voice be clear,

For daily labours may my hands be strong. R. WILTON

The Fairy Tale Come True

THERE is a charming picture in Lady Ritchie's letters about an expedition she once took from Aix-les-Bains with Princess Louise. They drove in a little carriage, with a lady-in-waiting in the back seat.

They drove along to a little farm where the Princess got out. "They don't know who I am," she told Lady Ritchie. "I often come and see the old woman." They went into a little kitchen, where the table was spread for supper. The old woman was busy cooking potatoes over a fire in a big fireplace. "I'll stir the potatoes," said the Princess, "you can go to your business." "Very well, I'll finish laying the supper," said the old woman.

Then (wrote Lady Ritchie) the carts laden with Indian corn passed the windows, and twilight began to fall, and there was the sound of distant thunder. A little boy came in from the fields carrying a kitten. The Princess left off stirring the potatoes, and began to play with the kitten.

Then the lamp was lighted by the old dame, her son came in, and the lady-in-waiting perceived that they were ready for supper.

So the Princess got up to go. As she smiled farewell, there ran through her companion's mind a thought like this:

It is a real fairy tale, with a real cottage, flickering fire, humble chairs, simple food, a real princess stirring potatoes, and me looking on!

Old Hundredth

SOMEBODY, lamenting our lack of a good national anthem, has been wanting a national hymn to sing for the signing of Locarno. What is wrong with the *Old Hundredth*?

Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT says he saw a moon-light rainbow. Evidently one that was having a night out.

THE hooting habit is said to be typical of the motorist's mentality. It shows he is of sound mind.

A MAN has made an organ out of old treacle-tins. He is fond of sweet music.

A WAITER says that to succeed in his profession a man must have tact,

memory, and energy. It is not often that a waiter gives tips.

WE are urged not to whistle in the streets. Except, of course, when we are out for a blow.

A LADY admits that she thinks of her friends in terms of clothes. But does not try to cut them out.

A FACTORY-WORKER who writes poems complains

that in the factory he is merely a number. And he is not proud of his figure.

PLUMBERS are too modest, remarks one of them. He himself is bursting with it and is too modest to stop the leak.

HARD work is said to be the supremely satisfying amusement of mankind. Quite a little of it satisfies some people.

EVERY house, it seems, should have plenty of mirrors. To encourage us to pause for reflection.

The Scholars

The majority of eminent scholars have no scholarly lineage. They come from Highland glens, Welsh hillsides, English villages. There must be throughout the length and breadth of our land immense and virgin fields of untapped scholarly talent.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH

Now

By Our Country Girl

When the wind blows
Then the leaves fall,
Dead is the rose,
Petals and all.
Trees cry aloud,
Bare is the plain,
Up comes the cloud,
Down comes the rain.

When the wind blows
What do you care?
Then the fire glows,
Draw up a chair!
Books on the shelf,
Tea on the brew;
Midas himself
Envieth you!

A Christmas Letter
Before Locarno

At this Locarno Christmas, with the new hope of Europe rising higher and higher as the New Year draws nearer and nearer, it seems worth while to remember a Christmas in the War, when the American ambassador was writing his famous letters from London to Washington. This is from one of them, addressed by Mr. Page to Colonel House.

CHRISTMAS—that's the thing now. Christmas! What bitter irony it is on this side the world!

Still, there will be many pleasant and touching things done. An Englishman came in to see me the other day, and asked if I'd send 1000 dollars to Gerard to use in making the English prisoners in Germany as happy as possible on Christmas Day—only I must never tell anybody who did it. A lady came on the same errand for the British prisoners in Turkey, with a less but still a generous sum. The heroism, the generosity, the endurance and self-restraint and courtesy of these people would melt a pyramid to tears.

The Patriotic Fellow

Nor do they neglect other things because of the war. I went to the annual dinner of the Scottish Corporation the other night—an organisation which for 251 years has looked after Scotsmen stranded in London, and they collected 20,000 dollars, then and there. There's a good deal of Christmas in them yet. One fellow, in a little patriotic speech, said that the Government is spending 25 million dollars a day to whip the Germans: "Cheap work, very cheap work. We can spend twice that, if necessary. Why, gentlemen, we haven't exhausted our pocket-change yet!"

Somehow I keep getting away from Christmas; it doesn't stay put. It'll be a memorable one here for its sorrows and for its grim determination—an empty chair at every English table. But nowhere in the world will it be different except in the small neutral States here, and in the lands on your side of the world.

The Work for the Race

How many Christmases the war may last nobody's wise enough to know. That depends, absolutely on Germany. The Allies announced their terms ten months ago, and nothing has yet happened to make them change them. That would leave the Germans with Germany and a secure peace; no obliteration or any other wild nonsense, but only a secure peace. Let 'em go back home, pay for the damage they've done, and then stay there.

I see the most interesting work in the world cut out for me for the next thirty years—to get such courtesy into our dealings with these our kinsmen here, public and private, as will cause them to follow us in all the developments of democracy and in keeping the peace of the world secure. I can't impress it on you strongly enough that the English-speaking folk have got to set the pace and keep this world in order. Nobody else is equal to the job.

BRIAND

FRIEND OF FRANCE AND EUROPE

A Very Human Figure and His Fine Achievement

A GREAT DAY AND A GREAT NIGHT

The story of the French Prime Minister's part in the saving of Europe and the saving of France during the last week or two is one of the thrilling chapters of the history of these days.

M. Briand, who has deserved greatly the gratitude of Europe for bringing France to her friendlier mood towards a general treaty of peace, has deserved greatly of his own country for the victory he has achieved in guiding France in the confusion which has of late come over her own political affairs.

M. Briand was the leader of the country which, more than any other of the Great Powers, has been distracted as to what should be done to bring about a genuine and permanent peace, under which the nations could settle down to remove the disastrous effects of war.

A Divided France

The mind of the British people has been made up from the first. All British statesmen have striven to create that atmosphere of friendliness in which former foes can act together for their mutual benefit. The best mind of Germany has cherished steadily the same hopes, though hampered always by the military party, which has no room in its stupid mind for any form of peace. But France has been divided, uncertain, pursuing contradictory aims, and steadily sinking deeper and deeper into financial difficulties.

Her leaders have failed her. M. Clemenceau was a firm and bold leader in war, but unable to walk with others in the paths of peace. M. Poincaré led stubbornly in a wrong direction, from which withdrawal and retreat were difficult and galling for his country. But all the while M. Briand was there to lead if he was wanted, to stand aside if that seemed the best thing for his country, to think only of her good as a friendly nation taking her part among friendly nations.

Briand's Overwhelming Task

But what an almost overwhelming task he had to grapple with. So divided was the French Parliament that no one but he could form a Government at all at the very moment when the Locarno Treaty was to be signed, and when the financial credit of the country was fast sliding down a slippery slope.

Leaving his country in a state of grave uncertainty he rushed over to London to sign the Pact on her behalf, and displayed there a dignity, eloquence, and tact that all admired.

On Tuesday he had sat at the Locarno Table, the most human figure there, telling his story of an unknown mother; on Wednesday he was crossing the Channel home again, to arrive in time to take his place in the Chamber where, by the power of his eloquence he secured the passing of the national budget against what had been a majority of objectors before he made his appeal.

Eight Times Prime Minister

This is the man who has been leading France into the ways of peace, and keeping her steady there, though her Governments are never very strong and safe. Eight times has he been her Prime Minister, and no one can forecast how many more times he may have to save her in hours of confusion. If France would realise her responsibility as the leading Continental nation today, and would entrust her destiny to this statesman who is in sympathetic touch with all the world, she would rise out of her confusion and doubts and play to world-wide applause the great part that has become her lot.

A HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A KINDLY WORD

A doctor has left a hundred pounds to a cook as a token of his gratitude "for encouraging words and devoted services when I was demobilised, broken in health for ever."

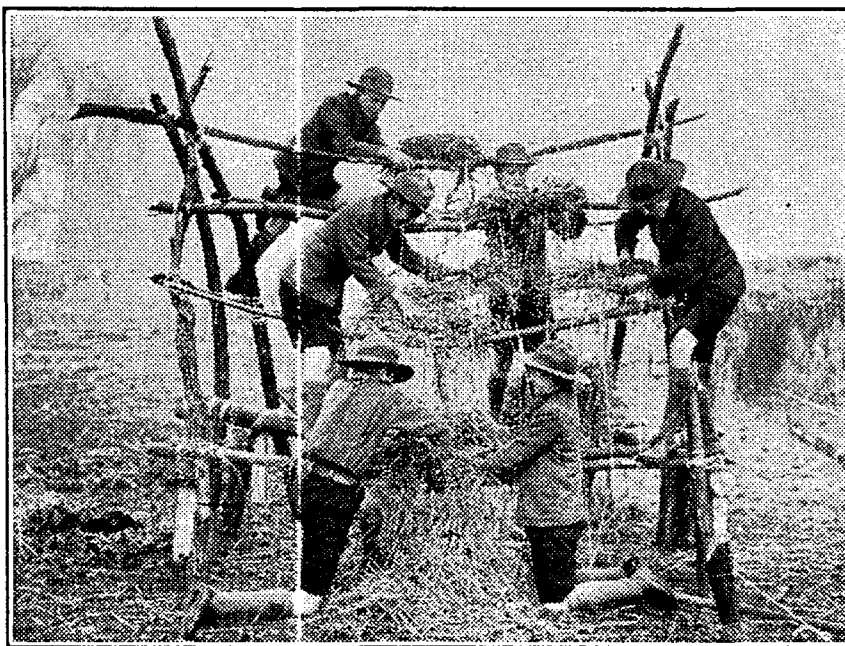
He was Major William Edward Nickolls Dunn, who died at Brighton. Dr. Dunn, who spent his career in the Royal Army Medical Corps, died at a comparatively early age, after 30 years of distinguished service in Egypt and elsewhere. He left legacies to many good

objects, and to friends high and low, to the Sultan of Egypt and a hall porter in Luxor, to noblemen and postmen and servants. And these are some of his last words, written just before he died:

Although I have been terribly handicapped with tuberculosis since the day I took my degree, I do not think any man has ever been blessed with such true and loyal friends as I.

Is that not a fragrant memory to leave behind, and the best legacy of all?

ETON BOYS GO HOUSE-BUILDING



Putting up the frame for the straw-house



One of the prize-winning straw-houses

Eton College Boy Scouts have just held a competition in hut-building in the Masters Field at the Old Fives Court, Eton. Among the huts were a number of very cosy and serviceable straw-houses, and these pictures show how they were built by arranging straw around a framework of branches

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A JUDGE

In the High Court of Justice it has been decided that a cat may roam over walls and roofs, and is not misbehaving itself the first time it bites the neighbour's pigeons.

In future a cat may look at a Judge and arch its back and purr, for this decision gives it a legal standing such as pussy has never enjoyed before. It is now the equal of the dog, a fact which has long been in dispute between them. Judges have called it a domestic animal, and even a taxpayer is no more. A taxpayer must not trespass over a neighbour's garden, roofs, and trees, but a cat may. No one can legally stop it. A domestic animal and yet a licensed

hunter—what a charter of freedom for pussy! It is like being allowed to become a limited pirate. There are bounds to what is allowed. After the first bite the owner of the cat, having had his attention drawn to it, must keep pussy at home. Further adventures will bring both within the pale of the law.

Pussy having been in and out of many pales, especially those of the front area, will not be much alarmed. If there is to be a fine the cat's proprietor will pay it, and meanwhile we cannot help noticing that the way the cat has obtained its legal rights is very much like that in which women obtained the vote. Votes for Cats! Give Pussy a sardine!

A NEW SIGHT IN THE DESERT

MORE RUINS BROUGHT TO LIGHT

France Celebrates a Revival of the Roman Empire

JEMILA AND ITS STORY

By a Travelling Correspondent

Not very long ago a journey in Algeria meant a journey among the Bedouins; today it also means a journey in the Roman Empire, so rapidly are the old Roman stones rising.

Wherever there is a group of trees, an oasis, a spring, a watercourse, Roman remains are almost sure to be found too, and when everything is dug up and rebuilt, the North African coast will be like an immense open-air museum stretching from Morocco to Tripoli for two thousand miles.

Italy had Pompeii. Algeria had Timgad. Now it is Jemila that is reappearing—Jemila, whose glorious resurrection France has just been celebrating by a great spectacle. For the first time after twelve centuries of desolation the gigantic walls of this old Roman town have resounded to the lyrical orations of actors and the clamour of an enthusiastic audience; after twelve centuries of death Jemila has celebrated her re-entrance into life.

A Wonderful Reappearance

Think of her history. For the first century a military outpost on a rocky spur of the mountains; in the time of Antoninus, an important town; in the Christian Era, an ecclesiastical metropolis. So she existed for six hundred years. Then came the Arab invasions, with pillage and incendiarism; the great Roman city was effaced, and even her remains disappeared, little by little, under the ground and the falling boulders from the mountains.

Now, little by little again, she reappears in her wonderful setting, in a circle of mountains against which the dazzling ivory whiteness and warm ruddy tints of the old ruins stand out in splendour. Once more people wander in the streets paved with great stone slabs, pass through triumphal arches, saunter about the Forum; they may even make orations in the tribunals.

Centre of Ancient Life

Once more the vast amphitheatre of Jemila attracts the crowd to mutual pleasures, and still we read the eloquent inscriptions addressed to the whole universe. The traveller finds himself back in a Roman atmosphere, in a centre of ancient life with all its domestic details. The markets are so inviting, with their huge marble tables and their great jars filled with water to maintain freshness, that we can imagine the buyers lingering behind to gossip. The baths are so numerous, so immense, so accessible to all that one quite believes the citizens were anxious to hurry there each day. The temples are so perfect that the traveller feels an overpowering impulse as he moves about in them.

Number of Christian Ruins

Perhaps the chief object of astonishment there is the extraordinary number of Christian ruins; among the basilicas, the chapels, the baptisteries, the episcopal buildings, and the convents, a whole African past lives again, of which we had no idea.

The work of the Romans in Africa has really something stupendous about it. They built towns, forts, barracks, and houses, and laid out farms as far as the limits of the Sahara regions; and here at Jemila, now opened up afresh to the public gaze, we can see how well they built and how well their works endure.

A LITTLE-KNOWN PLACE

SOMETHING ABOUT CYPRUS

How it Came Into the Empire and What it is Like

LAND OF CORN AND FRUITS

A report from the Colonial Office regrets that questions asked by the general public at the Cyprus Exhibit at Wembley showed a lack of knowledge of the island that is "lamentable and profound." The C.N. thinks this is a pity, and will do its share to remove that reproach.

Cyprus was the last considerable piece of land to be annexed by Great Britain without any mandate, and without saying "By your leave" to anybody.

In 1878, when Russia was pressing Turkey closely, the Turks gave Cyprus over to British rule as a defensive station in the Eastern Mediterranean, and received an annual payment in return. We rented the island; that is to say, it was an agreement between allied nations for their mutual advantage.

A Strategic Position

For 36 years Britain administered the country, and added greatly to its prosperity. When Turkey broke the alliance, in 1914, Britain frankly annexed the island and incorporated it in its Empire. That was the wish of the people of Cyprus, and the only thing that could be done.

Though Cyprus is a Mediterranean island it ranks as belonging to Asia rather than to Europe. It is the most eastward island of the great inland sea. Its position has given it considerable prominence through 5000 years of history, for it lay right in the seaway of all who contended for trade or mastery in the Near East.

How Copper Got its Name

Most of all it was important for its copper and timber. The word copper actually comes from the name Cyprus, and at one time copper was the metal that ruled the world. Then Cyprus was densely wooded, though now it has lost both wood and copper. Its first stores of natural wealth are exhausted.

The island is about as large as Norfolk and Suffolk together. Lying from East to West, with a length of about 140 miles and an average breadth of about 40, it has a mountain ridge reaching 3000 feet high along its northern part, and another range touching 6000 feet at its highest along its southern part. Between these ranges, along the northern half, stretches a bare and barren plain, which was once densely forested. The soil is naturally fertile, and with re-afforestation would be fruitful and healthful. British guidance is already having excellent effects, and stimulating the agriculture on which the island must depend. A railway runs for nearly 80 miles through the plain.

Prosperity Under British Rule

It is a land of corn and fruits. Wheat, barley, locust beans, linseed, the olive, the mulberry, cotton, grapes, lemons, oranges, and pomegranates are cultivated. Wine and raisins are exported, and wool and hides. Sheep and goats abound. The Cyprus mule is valued throughout the Near East. Marble, asbestos, gypsum, and chrome are among the mineral products.

Cyprus has a population of about 300,000, and it has been steadily increasing. About four-fifths of the people are called Christians, mostly Greeks, belonging to a branch of the Eastern Church which has always existed in the island, and has an independent standing. The rest are Mohammedans, chiefly of Turkish descent, with their own law courts and schools, and their own members of the Legislative Council which rules the island under a British High Commissioner. The judges of the higher courts are British. Greek is the general language.

The capital, Nicosia, lies inland on the plain at the foot of the northern

THE IMP OF MISCHIEF

A Blackbird's Bad Record

A Kent reader describes a curious escapade of a blackbird, which looks like a sheer love of mischief.

We have all heard of jackdaws, crows, magpies, and other birds that steal bright objects like rings, and some seem to have a sense of destructive mischief. A tame cockatoo of our acquaintance had to be chained to a perch, otherwise he would go quietly round a large garden and nip off every bloom from the flower borders, well aware that what he was doing was wrong. Here, however, is the blackbird story.

During the autumn clearing-up of my garden the thrift bordering the flower-beds was taken up, thinned out, and then replanted in small individual plants. Two days later these plants were all found pulled up and scattered about the paths.

Of course, the blame was put on cats, and the thrift was replanted. Next morning the plants were again uprooted. Again they were replanted and again pulled up. This went on mysteriously for seven or eight days, and then early one morning I caught the culprit in the act.

Imagine my surprise when I saw a blackbird calmly hopping along the row and, for no apparent reason, whisking the plants out of the soil and leaving them scattered on the path.

Some of these plants have been replanted nearly twenty times, and today, even in pouring rain, that bird is at it again!

Evidently this particular blackbird is a thoroughly bad character, and, as we have a warm corner in our heart for blackbirds, we are glad that our long-suffering correspondent does not ask us what should be done with the rascal.

THE GREAT MUSICIAN

How Old Friends Met Again

One of our travelling contributors, a French lady who has been staying in the mountains near the Swiss border, sends us this note of a meeting of two child friends after Time had made them children no more.

I was walking down the village street when I caught sight of a placard announcing a charitable concert. I drew nearer, and saw among the names of the musicians that of André Levy.

The name took me back to a famous summer holiday of seventeen years ago, when I played croquet on the seashore with a little boy of my own age, who was always leaving the game to practise his violoncello.

Thinking this might be he, I went to the concert and took a seat close to the stage. The musicians came in, and I knew André Levy at once. I had now but one idea, to talk to him at the interval; but, alas, when the interval came André Levy was surrounded by bishops and other high folk, and I stood alone behind, frightfully shy. But the big people went at last, and my moment came. Having no time, however, to carry out my plan of asking my old friend if he remembered me, I spoke as to a stranger. Then it was charming indeed, for André Levy himself had gone back seventeen years, back to the days when we played by the sea, and he said, simply: "Oh, is it you?" We were old friends again, and at the next interval I had him to myself.

Is not that a happy little experience?

Continued from the previous column

range; the other towns are small ports, of which the best sheltered is Famagusta on the east coast, where the railway begins.

All who know what Cyprus is and has been will wish for it a quickened prosperity within the British Commonwealth. It has been ruled in the far-off past by Egyptians, Assyrians, and the Phoenicians, Persians, and Greeks. The Apostle Barnabas was a Cyprus man. Our Richard the First conquered it and sold it to the Knights Templars. It had hard times under the Venetians and the Turks. Perhaps never before had the island such hopeful prospects as it now has, under self-government with British guidance and scientific control.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Sir Charles Hyde has given £100,000 to the University of Birmingham.

There are now 1,400,000 horses on British farms, 60,000 being under one year old.

A German scientist is said to have been successful in rolling metal so thin that it is as transparent as glass.

Pulling Down a Cathedral

The Russian Cathedral at Warsaw has been demolished by the Poles.

The Badger Spoils the Sale

A badger killed all the poultry which was to have been sold at an auction in Yorkshire recently.

Half a Million More Houses

Britain has built nearly half a million houses since the housing campaign was started.

Masterpieces Come to Light

Four unknown compositions by Schubert have been discovered in Vienna.

Wild Boars at the Hotel

Seven wild boars took refuge from the cold in a hotel not far from Lyons.

An Airman Fined

An aviator has been fined five pounds for flying under the 2000 feet limit over an athletic stadium at Yale University.

Killed by a Snowball

Falling from his bicycle through being hit by a snowball, the pastor of Sittard, in Holland, was picked up dead.

A World Index of Knowledge

An effort is being made to produce a World Index of 24,000 scientific periodicals known all over the world.

A Good Potato Year

Six-and-a-half tons of potatoes to every acre was the average yield for England and Wales this year.

Energetic at 94

In her 95th year, Mrs. Watson, a Northumberland lady, is able to sew, knit, and do her own shopping.

Time is Money

The speeding-up of the London trams has saved 230 cars since 1914, representing a saving of £700,000.

450,000 Lost Years

The working time lost through sickness by members of approved societies in this country last year amounted to more than 450,000 years.

A Potato Collection

Mansfield has over 8000 school children, each of whom was asked to contribute one potato to help the local hospital.

A Wise Woman Ruler

The Begum of Bhopal has been learning handicrafts in London to fit herself to teach them to her women subjects on her return to India.

An Aerial Collapse

Three new wireless masts, each 500 feet high, were hurled to the ground in a storm at Norddeich, Germany.

Three Terrible Days

After having been entombed for three days through a fall of roof, a miner at Wath Main Colliery, Yorkshire, was at last rescued alive.

The New Shah

By 257 votes to 3 the Persian Constituent Assembly has elected Reza Khan, the former Prime Minister, Shah of Persia.

The Implacable Saved

The old Implacable, the only surviving ship of Nelson's day except the Victory, has been saved for the nation through an anonymous gift of £15,000.

News from the Bread Basket

The latest official Canadian Government crop estimate gives the wheat crop at 422 million bushels, an increase of twenty million bushels over the previous estimate.

More Roadside Trees Wanted

The Minister of Transport remarked the other day that there are about 200 miles of new roads near London that could be made much more attractive by wise tree-planting.

THE MAN WHO RUNS THE MANSION HOUSE

FIFTY YEARS OF WONDERFUL WORK

Sir William Soulsby and What He Has Seen

CITY BOY'S RECORD

London has been thinking lately of one of her most splendid men—Sir William Soulsby. He is 74, and has been secretary to the Lord Mayor of London for fifty years.

In 1875 young William Soulsby, a barrister-at-law longing for advancement, and thinking how nice it would be to become Lord Chancellor, was appointed private secretary to the Lord Mayor. It was not an easy post.

At the end of the year the young man was elected secretary again by the new Lord Mayor. "And again and again and again." He became part of the fabric of the Mansion House, so to speak. His courtesy was unfailing, and his tact very comforting to men whom duty drove into unfamiliar places.

Pageants and Proclamations

Change after change swept over London and found no change in the Lord Mayor's secretary save the inevitable coming-on of age. What a long pageant has rolled by in his life! How many State Proclamations from the Royal Exchange steps, how many processions with banners and drums, prancing horses and lovely coaches! Long may they last. It will be a sad day for London when the Lord Mayor's Coach becomes a tame navy-blue car. The change will not come while Sir William is secretary, we are sure. We can leave the Lord Mayor's Coach in his hands.

Long before he went to the Mansion House the City was his home. He was a boy at the City of London School when Lord Oxford was there, and he was one of the 700 boys who watched from a stand in St. Paul's Churchyard the State entry of Queen Alexandra into the City in 1863.

A Historic Baby

Sir William could tell quite a lot of interesting things if he chose. He can remember one time, in all this coming and going of public life, when the Mansion House was just like any other home, for a baby was born there. The mother was the Lord Mayor's daughter, and we can imagine how nice it was for the servants to be able to ask such a novel question as how Baby was.

That was a historic baby—the only one to come to the Mansion House in fifty years. It was christened at St. Paul's, and dear grumbly Thomas Carlyle was a godfather.

We like to remember Sir William Soulsby most of all in connection with the bounty of the City of London, her ever-ready sympathy for the needy. Few have ever knocked at that door in vain. Some of the most charming actions have happened in secret.

The Little Box

Thousands of people pass every day a little box in the wall of the Mansion House terrace. It bears the legend The Lord Mayor's Fund. Sir William tells us that during his half-century of work about ten million pounds have been raised by the Fund for people and causes in distress.

The Dome of St. Paul's falling down, famines abroad, earthquakes in the East, the after misery of great sea wrecks, all these cries of need find an echo in the grey walls where the greatest chief magistrate in the world lives and works.

We did not know how much we loved the Mansion House till it caught fire for a few hours during an air raid in 1917. Long may its gaunt walls stand there like cliffs above the tides of traffic, and long may this fine old Londoner, Sir William Soulsby, pass in and out of its doors.

BRIGHTENING UP THE COUNTRYSIDE

Great Movement in Kent Villages

OTHER COUNTIES PLEASE COPY

It would be well if people who doubt whether England is progressing much would consider what is being done in Kent today to brighten rural life.

One does not need to be very old to remember the dreariness and isolation of village life in many parts of England, and the want of any social feeling pervading the whole community. Now, in Kent at least, there is a movement that ought to give life a new and thoroughly humanising interest in the countryside.

The mainspring of the movement is what is called the Rural Community Council. It is a voluntary body which seeks to establish in every village a Council like unto itself. On the central body, in Maidstone, are all the chief county officers, with representatives of every kind of association, employers and employed, and all organisations that are interested in youth or age, knowledge or amusement, education, art, or practical economy. Its purpose is to bring together all types of residents in every village to consider the life of the village as that of a community bound together by keen local interest.

Fostering Local Pride

Here are some of the things a Village Community Council could do. It could arrange dates for the various public gatherings of different bodies, religious, social, educational, sporting, and so on, seeing that they do not clash. It could interest the whole village in any event that deserves the support of all, such as the annual Flower Show. It could express the common desire that the village should have an adequate Public Hall, a local library, and a proper playing field. It could gather up the general village feeling on all matters of village, district, and county government. In short, it could bring together the whole of the citizens to consider their mutual interests as neighbours, and establish an honourable local pride.

The county which first establishes Village Community Councils throughout its whole length and breadth, with the inevitable interplay of personal knowledge and friendly feeling that must follow, will have the right to consider itself the most sensible and civilised county in the land.

INQUISITIVE U.S.A.

An Office to Answer all Questions

The United States, not content with asking questions in its youth, goes on asking them when it is grown up.

Not having a Children's Newspaper (which is lent by most small boys in this country to their daddies) America has an office to answer questions.

This office is not a State affair, but Government Departments lend their aid. There is a clerk who opens the mail, and who has an enviable fund of general knowledge; but even he may be forgiven if he boggles at the precise measurements of Uncle Sam's national monuments, or at the question, "Where does the wind begin?"

There come to his aid a dozen or so research workers, each of whom has a special branch or branches of knowledge at his call. Wisdom on law, sport, affairs of State, domesticity, manners and customs, and all branches of science, and business, as well as history is expounded from this office.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A MAMMOTH

A Story from an Oxford Garden

THE WONDERFUL ELM

A romantic story has come to light in an Oxford garden.

Up to 1899 two of the largest trees in England were said to be an oak somewhere in Yorkshire and a titanic elm in a garden in Magdalen Grove, Oxford. In that year the elm was blown down in a gale, but its glories live in memory and have been revived afresh in the light of a new discovery.

The fact is that in order to lay new gravel on the paths of the kitchen garden at Magdalen College a gravel pit had by has been worked, and many bones of men, of cattle, of deer, and of mammoths have come to light. Some have been strewn in fragments on the paths, priceless history trodden underfoot.

Now where the old elm grew giant neckbones of a mammoth have been unearthed, and the secret of the elm's prodigious size explained. The mammoth ate of the trees of ancient Britain, died, and became a fossilised remainder of bones. Perhaps hundreds of thousands of years later this elm tree arose on the mammoth's tomb and fed upon its buried skeleton.

Food from Prehistoric Days

Bones are rich in phosphates, which are food for vegetation. The roots of the tree found the mammoth and re-claimed the nourishment which the animal had in turn derived from the Sun-fed vegetation of prehistoric days, and, so nurtured, the Magdalen elm reached a height of 310 feet.

Many an Oxford student must have coned his Shakespeare beneath that old elm, and been reminded that "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away," without dreaming what a romantic transformation of matter the prosperity of the giant tree represented.

DARING ENGINEERS

Making a Sixth Great Lake

For some years the level of the Great Lakes has been constantly falling, owing to the Chicago drainage canal and to other reasons, and of late this has become quite a problem to the Governments of the United States and Canada. The harbours and canals are all a little on the shallow side already, and even the St. Lawrence has been affected.

That is why a great deal of interest has been aroused by the daring plan of a prominent Canadian engineer who has just concluded a survey of northern Ontario and Quebec.

His plan is nothing less than to create a sixth Great Lake up in the north between Lake Nipigon and Hudson Bay. He tells us that by damming two great rivers flowing into Hudson Bay a tremendous lake would be created in a basin which Nature has provided, twice as large as Lake Ontario.

A two-mile canal would connect the south-eastern corner of this lake with Lake Nipigon, and Lake Nipigon already flows through the Nipigon River into Lake Superior, the western member of the five Great Lakes. This would mean that an immense volume of water would be diverted from wasting itself into the Arctic Ocean, and would, instead, raise the level of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, increase the electric power of the rivers, and be of incalculable value to navigation.

A number of prominent Canadians and Americans are interested in this scheme, which could be effected at a cost which seems very small for so great a project.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the British National Debt?

The latest figures, those for 1924, give it as £7,707,537,545.

Who said "Heard Melodies are Sweet, but Those Unheard are Sweeter"?

These words occur in Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn.

What is Carbide Made From?

It is made from carbon in the form of coke and calcium carbonate by means of an electrical process.

How is a Muffled Peal of Bells Rung?

The bells are first inverted and a leather cap covering one-half of the clapper is tied in position on each before the ringing.

Where is the Island of Puná?

This island belonging to Ecuador is in the Gulf of Guayaquil, and divides the gulf into two channels. The island is 32 miles long and 12 miles wide.

Who First Thought the World was Round?

The Ancient Greeks knew this, and Aristotle, born at Stagira, in Thrace, in 384 B.C., was the first of the Greek writers to state decidedly that the Earth must be a round globe.

What is a Hadji?

A hadji is a Mohammedan who has performed the hadj or pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, which every Moslem is supposed to perform at least once in his life. Every hadji is entitled to wear a green turban.

What are the Populations of the Various Countries of the British Isles?

According to the latest available figures the populations of the various countries are: England, 35,678,530; Wales, 2,206,712; Scotland, 4,882,288; Northern Ireland and the Free State, 4,496,000; Isle of Man, 60,238; Channel Islands, 89,614.

Where Does the Verse Beginning "If all the World were Paper" Occur?

The words "If all the world were paper, And all the sea were ink; If all the trees were bread and cheese, How should we do for drink?" are found in an anonymous poem called "Interrogation Cantilena" in a book entitled Wit's Recreations, published in 1640.

Do Fish Have Nerves?

Certainly they have, including a brain; but to what extent they feel pain no one can say. Their nerves are, of course, not developed to the same extent as ours, and must therefore be far less sensitive. Movements of parts of the fish severed from the body are due to reflex action, and do not mean that pain is being felt.

Why was Edward the First not Called Edward the Fourth?

The Sovereigns of England since the Conquest have been reckoned from that event, and Edward the First considered himself the first Edward of the dynasty that came in with the Conqueror, ignoring Edward the Elder, Edward the Martyr, and Edward the Confessor.

Does the Octopus Lay Eggs?

Yes; they are, when first laid, small oval, translucent granules resembling grains of rice, not quite an eighth of an inch long. They form along and around a common stalk like grapes on a bunch, and each bunch is fixed to a rock or stone by a gelatinous secretion, and hangs. One octopus will lay 40 or 50 clusters of eggs.

Does Snow Warm the Air?

No; snow is a bad absorber of heat from the Sun, and air in contact with it is cooled; but it is also a bad conductor of heat, and so, when the ground is covered with snow, it retains its heat, which cannot pass through the blanket of snow above. Thus snow on the ground is cold for the animals above it but warm for the plants beneath.

What Happens when a River Freezes?

The water contracts as the temperature falls till 39 degrees Fahr. is reached; then as the water still further cools it expands and, being lighter, remains on the surface of the water. At 32 degrees it turns into ice. In a tidal river the level when the river is frozen over is generally that of low tide. When the Thames was frozen over at London in 1814 the water was flowing under the ice; the river was not frozen solid.

Why is a French Poodle Shaved?

This has become a fashion, but as the poodle in its natural state has a very long coat often hanging in cords and dragging on the ground, the practice probably originated in cutting the coat short for cleanliness sake and possibly the shaving was at first to save the trouble of frequent cutting, in the same way as boys are often given a close crop to prevent too frequent visits to the hairdresser.

HEAVIEST KNOWN STAR

THE COMPANION OF SIRIUS

A Marble that Only a Strong Man Could Move

AMAZING DISCOVERY

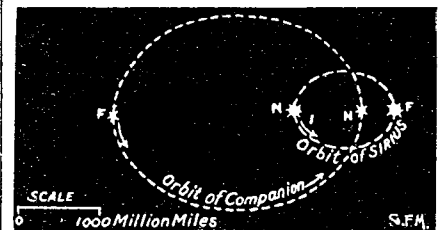
By the C.N. Astronomer

The mysterious companion of Sirius, whose eccentric evolutions round this brilliant sun, and its tremendous gravitational influence over him, have been for a century one of the great problems of astronomers, has now, to a great extent, been solved.

It has led to the great discovery that matter exists in a state of which we had no conception, and that it may possess a terrific density, and consequently weight and weight-producing powers, far in excess of anything hitherto known.

For instance platinum, a little heavier than pure gold, is almost the densest element on Earth; but matter is now known to exist 2000 times denser than platinum. This means that if we had a piece of it here, say the size of a marble, we could not lift it, and it would need a very strong man to roll it along, for it would weigh several hundredweights.

Now it is on this companion of Sirius where this wonderful material exists; indeed, its entire sphere is on an average so dense and massive that the pull of gravity at its surface is, in consequence,



Sirius and his companion, N at their nearest to one another, and F at their farthest apart

something like 35,000 times what it is at the surface of our world.

If we could get on that wonderful world we should find ourselves unable to pick anything up, even to lift an arm or a leg; instead we should be pulled flat against its surface. A chocolate weighing about half an ounce on Earth, would weigh there nearly half a ton; and even the invisible air would crush us flat with its weight.

This companion has only a diameter of about 26,000 miles—little more than three times that of our world. Now the Earth has a density averaging 5½ times that of water, while the density of the other is about 53,000 times that of water. The marvel, therefore is that such an immense mass of material can be packed into such a comparatively small globe.

A Remarkable Prediction

Professor Eddington, of Cambridge University, to whom we are indebted for this astonishing discovery, supposes that this terrific density results from the atoms having been deprived of most of their electrons. This means that little more than the nucleus of each atom remains, in which case they could be much closer together, and so the atoms and the material would be denser.

By applying a known principle of Relativity, Professor Eddington predicted, after abstruse mathematical calculation, that a certain measurable shift of the lines in the star's spectrum should be present and, if found, would prove that the material emitting the light possessed the tremendous density.

Dr. W. S. Adams of the Mount Wilson Observatory subsequently tested the spectrum from the companion, and found that Professor Eddington's prediction was practically correct. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening, Venus south-west, Uranus south. In the morning, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn south-east.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 23

Twelve Against One

It was not so much (to be exact) that Garry had declared war against The Conclave as that The Conclave had declared war against Garry. His part was passive: to stand, if he could, by Feddon. Their part was active: to compel him to cease championing Feddon; or to detach from Feddon an active ally so formidable.

The results were soon apparent, but not spectacular. They did not take the form of violent physical combats. Nor was it possible, naturally, for Soppo Tadworth to induce the other juniors in the House to cold-shoulder Garry as he had induced them to cold-shoulder Feddon. For Garry was altogether too much of a personage, too much of a man of mark, to be cut by the day-room. Soppo must seek other outlets for his malevolence.

He found it hard at first to keep Brougham and Nightingale, and one or two more of The Conclave, up to the scratch. For they, on second thoughts, would keep on expostulating that they had actually no feud against Garry, and would suggest that the persecution of Feddon should stop. Persecution! Soppo fumed at the word. He wasn't persecuting Feddon, he argued. He was merely "putting him through it" for his own good.

The argument whereby he prevailed upon Nightingale, and so upon Brougham, to proceed with the feud against Garry was one which they found it impossible to resist. He said:

"The Conclave has always stuck loyally together. We invited Garry to join us. He never would. Then along he comes and butts into our private affair. Unless we show a joint front against him now he'll go about crowing that he has split up our Club."

"Crowing? That wouldn't be like him," Brougham suggested.

"Well, crowing or not, he would have split us up, wouldn't he?"

This was incontestable. They must either dissolve, or back their leader up in his feud. So they combined to render Garry thoroughly uncomfortable, and to subject him to a steady flow of annoyances.

Under Soppo's malicious prompting they found many means.

As Garry's presence in the dormitory made it too risky to rag Feddon up there any longer Soppo changed his tactics, left Feddon alone, and adroitly transferred his operations to the daytime and Garry, who would now and then find some book vanished from his locker, or ink spilled on page after page of his exercise books; or, going to the changing room to change for football, discover his jersey ripped from the neck to the waist.

It would happen sometimes in Grubber, when Garry and Kendall had just taken from precise Trustful Thomas a heaped-up plate of sausages on toast, that a surge of movement would take place among the bystanders which knocked the plate from their hands and smashed it to bits. Then Soppo's hoarse voice would be heard. "Who's shoving?" it would shout. And Nightingale's drawl in support, "Don't squash so! Stop shoving!" But both Kendall and Garry knew well who had started the push.

Pin pricks of every kind, crafty reminders that Garry should know no peace unless and until he desisted from standing by Feddon. And inevitably the accumulated effect was to lower him, bit by bit, in the eyes of his fellows. For as this campaign against him grew more and more noticeable, the day-room wondered why he stood it so tamely?

He bore it with a dogged and passive grimness, retaliating in kind when the chance was given

him, but often unable to trace home some stealthy thrust. There was nothing else that he could very well do. He was not assailed by one enemy, but by twelve. And much as he ached for a square stand-up fight with Soppo—and promised himself that one fine day he would have it—it was impossible to go about fighting the lot, because prefects and masters would have soon put a stop to that.

Moreover, Garry had another good reason for grinning and bearing. That reason was that his object was being achieved. He had placed himself, and successfully placed himself, as a shield or barrier between Feddon and The Conclave. No longer they worried Feddon by night in the dormitory, and none of them raised a finger against him downstairs.

So cunningly had Soppo shifted his course. Of a disposition that would neither forgive nor forget, he meant now to get at Feddon through his protector. He was concentrating on Garry. As he put it to Lubbock, "We will tire old Garry out. We'll make him fed up. Then he'll have to drop Feddon."

"A score for The Conclave," laughed Lubbock.

"Yes," Soppo growled. "And it will take Garry's pride down a peg."

But Garry showed no signs yet of being "fed up." He worked rather harder, he threw himself into games almost savagely, and imperceptibly he found himself drawn more to Feddon.

Feddon responded shyly; the more shyly still because he felt that he was coming between Garry and Kendall. It was not that Kendall showed active symptoms of jealousy or openly resented this join-up with Feddon. But Garry, after all, was his own old friend; and deep in his heart he could not get rid of the feeling which is expressed by "two is company, three is none." And Feddon's quick and sensitive spirit sensed this. His loneliness and gratitude were urging him nearer to Garry; his fear of estranging the friends was holding him from him. And when Garry said: "Why don't I see more of you, Feddon?" he could scarcely answer, "Because Kendall is growing jealous."

As the term and this state of affairs wore on the easy-going Kendall grew restive and sore. He was sore for Garry and sore with Garry; sore that Garry was at loggerheads with the twelve who counted for so much in the Lower School, and sore with Garry for the reason of that falling out. At last, when he had been going about with a hump and Garry had twittingly asked him what was the matter, the feelings he had bottled up found their vent and broke from him in a rush of angry words.

"I'm dashed," he said to Garry, "if I understand you. You are much keener on being with Feddon than with me. I see nothing of you. You're always about with Feddon. I don't know what you see in him. I'm hanged if I do!"

"It isn't that," Garry answered, looking distressed.

"It isn't what?" cried Kendall. "I'm stating the fact. You're always chucking me to run after Feddon."

Garry looked more distressed.

"Old man," he said awkwardly, "I meant that—er—I've got to look after Feddon."

"And I can't see what you see in him," Kendall insisted. "I've been decent to him for your sake. But what is there in him? There's nothing in him, Garry."

Garry kept silence. There was coming back to his mind, as often and often it had come back to his thoughts, all that Feddon had shyly revealed of his home life, and of his loneliness at Eastborough, and of that strange compact which he had made with his father, and by which he was abiding so loyally,

so loyally because, as Garry well knew, in his letters to his father Feddon never complained, never uttered a word, as some would have done, which could possibly betray how unhappy he was.

Garry ached now to tell Feddon's story to Kendall, but could not do so because he had learned it in confidence.

And so he kept silence. Then he uttered abruptly: "I think that he's rather fine. I think there's a lot in him, if you get down to it."

"Get down to it!" Kendall sneered. "What do you mean?"

"Ken, old man, there must be a bit in a chap who, having given his word to himself that he wouldn't speak to Tadworth, could stick to it through thick and thin. It isn't as if he could keep his end up in a scrap. He's not built that way. Yet he would go on being ragged rather than break his own word."

Kendall said harshly: "But what does it matter to you? Why do you bother yourself for a chap who's a stranger when you and I might have such a good time together!"

Garry despaired of making his friend understand. So he answered simply: "I've started; I'm seeing it through."

With which he let his arm seek Kendall's again, and gradually the cloud on the other's brow lifted.

"Fuzzy Face, I'm a pig," he said rather huskily. "Fuzzy Face, old chap, I've got a new name for you. You go into things with such a bang when you start, and never let go. Go-Bang Garry—that's my new name for you, Fuzzy."

And Garry's heart glowed. Once more his friend was his friend.

CHAPTER 24

Snipple's Bargain

THERE approached them a small individual, who looked ashamed of himself. Hard on his heels came another, also down in the mouth. Immediately, without any preface of any sort, these two new-comers made an eager, clean breast of their trouble.

Gigshott began. "Oh, Garry," he said contritely, glancing towards Kendall, "does Kendall know what you told us the other day? You remember, when we brought you the writing to do?"

"Yes," replied Garry. "He knows, but nobody else does."

It was Button's turn. "Soppo Tadworth knows now," he piped drearily.

"Yes, Garry. And it's all our fault, Garry," Gigshott went on. "Soppo heard me talking about it to Button. We're tremendously sorry, because we promised to keep mum."

"We never meant to split, Garry," Button lamented.

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Garry shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well," he smiled, "it can't be helped."

"But, Garry? We know Soppo Tadworth and Brougham and that crowd"—Gigshott hesitated—"are behaving vilely to you, and Soppo rushed off to Nightingale and told him you were going to be chucked in July, and that now they could rag you about licking stamps in an office after swanking so much about Big School and the 'Varsity'."

They marked Garry wince; then he said very solidly: "Well?"

"It's all our fault, Garry. We're frightfully sorry," they mourned, watching him with plaintive eyes.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered with a forced smile. "You couldn't help it. Pop off!"

They were very glad to pop off. They had expected at the least a very stiff slang. They had not been looking forward to confessing to Garry how their carelessness had given his enemies a new handle. The load was off their minds now. So they pranced away gleefully—to run straight into the Diary King and further misfortune.

The Diary King was not eating their pudding still. Perhaps his appetite for three helpings had become blunted. At any rate he had made them what he called a gracious concession.

"I am not going to let you off your bargain," he had informed them, "but I tell you what I'll do. I'll let you stick to your dollop; and in exchange you must give me a hand with my French."

"We'll give you a hand with your handwriting," Gigshott had cried.

"No. With my French."

"But listen, Snipple! We've a wonderful model for handwriting. When you've copied it out a few times you write simply splendidly."

"Stow that!" said Snipple austerely. "You'll help me with French."

Well, any offer was better than none at all. So, if it had to be French, then French let it be.

"All right," they said.

"I happen to know that you're both rather hot stuff at French—"

"Very hot," agreed Button.

"So you shall do my French exercises for me each week."

"Pretty hard are they, Snip?"

"Fairly," he conceded. "All about pure snow is whiter than milk—"

Gigshott jumped forward. "Are you talking about milk at the break, Snip?"

"No, you silly owl; I'm quoting an Exercise." Snipple picked up the book, and began to read from it.

"Pure snow is whiter than milk. Here is my purse, where is yours? You have left it in the drawer. She has no fish now; this morning she had fresh soles." He let out a groan. "It makes my head spin!"

"We'll knock them off for you," said Button.

Now, this had worked very well for two or three weeks, till either the excitement of the oncoming Sports or the sudden change from rainy weather to sunshine had begun to play some havoc with Button's French. His mastery of the tricks of purses and soles and of the tiresome manoeuvres of *de la* and *du* was failing him rapidly; which might have mattered less if, where he sowed, the Diary King had not reaped. For it was Snipple, from whom the better French was expected, who collected the subsequent crop of fine impositions.

It never rains but it pours. So, as luck would have it, this alarming decline in the French of Button coincided with a change in the pudding on Sundays. Treacle tart had disappeared, and rhubarb pie came. Rhubarb pie, which Snipple loved even more than his diary! Rhubarb pie with the crust so lusciously browned. So now when he met them coming away from Garry, he stopped them and said very slowly: "That French stunt is off."

"Off?" they quivered.

"Yes, OFF—OFF! You're no good at French. We're going back to our original bargain."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Noted Naturalist

IN the year that Linnaeus was born another boy came into the world who was also to make a great name for himself in science, and to be one of the pioneers in the modern method of studying natural history.

His father wished him to take up law as a profession, and entered him at a college for that purpose; but the boy's bent was all towards science, and astronomy and mathematics were his favourite subjects. Indeed, it is said that when other youths were at play he was poring over Euclid's propositions as though they were some thrilling novel. The father, a wise man, decided to let the boy follow his inclinations.

Having met a young English nobleman with whom he became very friendly, the youth travelled for eighteen months with this companion and his tutor, and later paid a visit to London. During his travels his mother died, and as a result he came into possession of a large income.

Living on his estate, he carefully regulated his time; and, after attending to the business of the estate, he each day retired to a simple and almost severe pavilion in the garden, and there gave his attention to study. A distinguished Prussian prince afterwards called this pavilion The Cradle of Natural History, and Rousseau, before entering it, used to fall on his knees and kiss the threshold.

The alleged burning of the Roman fleet by Archimedes by means of mirrors greatly interested him, and he performed many experiments to see if such a thing were possible. At great expense he had a huge mirror constructed, and by its means directed the Sun's rays on to a plank 126 feet away, and later set on fire chips of deal mingled with charcoal at 250 feet.

He was appointed director of the King of France's garden and museum at Paris, and wrote a great Natural History which filled 36 volumes. It took 18 years to complete, and gave him a great reputation, but its style is now regarded as rather too florid for a scientific treatise. He must, however, be regarded as having an honourable place in the development of the doctrine of Evolution, for he taught that an unbroken succession of forms can be traced through the animal kingdom.

He married, and his wedded life was very happy.

He was raised to the rank of Count by the French king, and for this reason, though he was buried

with great honour after his death, when the Revolution broke out his body was torn from its grave, the lead of his coffin plundered, and his monument razed to the ground. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Be Peace on Earth this Christmastide to All of Gentle Will

DI MERRYMAN

It was a very stormy night when a disagreeable old man heard a knock at his front door.

"What do you want?" he called out without opening the door.

"I want to stay here for the night," replied the voice of a stranger out in the blizzard.

"Well," snapped the old man, "you can stay there as long as you like without asking me."

Why is the letter A like 9 inches? Because it is the fourth part of a yard.

What Am I?

My first is in planet and also in Moon,
My second's in summer and also in June,
My third is in water and also in dew,
My fourth is in holly and also in yew,
My fifth is in measure and also in ream,
My sixth is in rafter and also in beam,
My seventh's in river and also in weir,
And the whole of me will very soon be here.

Answer next week

A Boxing-Day Idyll

MR. BROWN (to ticket collector at railway station): "Well, Edwards, I always thought old Jinks was the meanest man on earth, but I was glad to see him giving you a shilling just now."

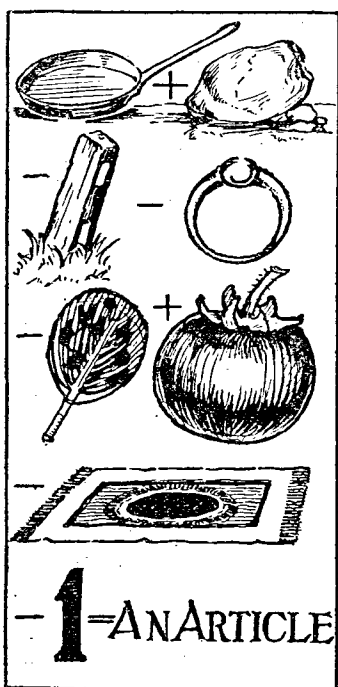
Edwards (bitterly): "Giving! He'd lost his ticket and had to pay, but said if I found the ticket I could keep the shilling as a Christmas Box."

Mr. Brown: "That's something, anyhow. Where did he lose it?"

Edwards: "He doesn't know. I don't suppose he ever had one. He never lost anything in his life, except trains, and they don't belong to him!"

What two letters spell the name of a sweet? C and Y.

Alphabet and Arithmetic



WHEN the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted, the remaining letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of something that is very plentiful just now. Can you find out what it is? Solution next week

WHAT is that which A can put into his right hand, but B cannot put into his left hand? B's left elbow.

A Suitable Colour



"A CHILL is in the air, although The Sun's a big bright ball," Said Snip, "and I am very sure Tonight will bring a fall. And when the landscape's under snow, To paint the scene aright, What colour shall I use?" Snapped Snap, "Without a doubt—Flake White!"

Is Your Name Hall?

THIS is one of the commonest surnames derived from a local feature. People called Hall are descended from someone who lived near the hall, or big house, and came to be known as Henry or William by the Hall, and then as Henry or William Hall.

New Year Nonsense

AN old man of the Aleutian Isles On January One always smiles, Because the New Year Begins its journey here— A journey of miles, miles, and miles.

A Good Turn

THE Scoutmaster wanted to know if his Scouts were doing their good turns every day, and, questioning one Scout, was answered: "Oh yes, sir; Pip did a good turn this morning."

Scoutmaster: "What was it?" Scout: "Well, sir, you know Pip's old bulldog, don't you?" Scoutmaster: "Yes, I think so, the one he usually keeps on a double chain. What about it?"

Scout: "Well, sir, Pip saw some of his school-fellows running to catch a train, and he thought they would miss it, so he chased them with his bulldog. They caught the train all right, sir."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

I AM a ranger of the deep For that I make my pleasant home; Amid the river at ease I sleep, Or 'neath green banks securely roam.

Though of a fish I may partake, I'm more allied to bird than beast;

In shape I'm something like a snake, And I have sixteen feet at least. Yet, reader, start not with affright, No guile nor harm my nature knows:

Tenaciously I'm held at night And to the weary yield repose.

Answer next week

WHY are the tallest people the laziest?

Because they are always longer in bed than short people.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Christmas

What Am I? A Kettle

Jacko on the Ice

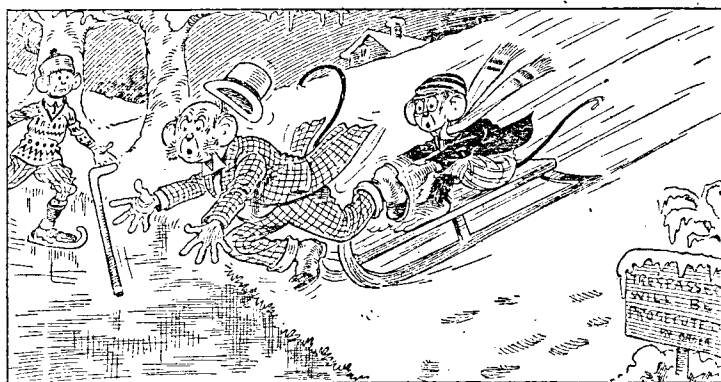
ONE cold winter morning Jacko was out of bed in a twinkling. Everything was covered with snow, and he knew that the pond would be frozen.

Even Adolphus was down in good time for breakfast. He thought no end of himself on skates, and he wanted to show off his new winter sports outfit.

He did look a sight in it, too! Jacko fairly rocked with laughter when he saw the funny woolly cap that Adolphus had perched on top of his head. But Adolphus was perfectly satisfied with his appearance, and only thought that Jacko was jealous.

Of course, the last thing Jacko wanted was a "correct Swiss outfit," as Adolphus called it; and he was very glad indeed that he wasn't wearing one when they got outside and saw that nobody could look at Adolphus without smiling.

But Adolphus was delighted by all the attention he attracted. He showed off his skating to his heart's content. But he was so disagreeable if anybody got in his way that Jacko and his friends soon went off to toboggan in a field close by.



Jacko came down at a terrific pace, and found he couldn't stop

In the middle of the fun a fierce old man arrived on the scene. He was the farmer who owned the field, and he wasn't at all pleased at the way they were going on.

"You are trespassing! Be off!" he shouted. And he made a dive at Jacko with his stick.

As Jacko darted off, he pointed to Adolphus. "Better speak to him!" he called out, with a mischievous grin.

The farmer thought Adolphus was the ringleader when he saw his fine outfit. He rushed down to the pond and began shouting at him.

"Come here, my fine sir!" he roared. "I hear you are in charge of all these young rascals."

Adolphus was very flattered. He hadn't the slightest idea what all the fuss was about, and felt very gratified at being picked out as the most important member of the party. He skated gracefully up to the old man.

"Take that!" shouted the enraged farmer, waving his stick. And down went Adolphus like a ninepin!

He was picking himself up when there was a terrific crash. Jacko had jumped on his toboggan again the moment the farmer's back was turned, and, coming down the slope at a terrific pace, he found he couldn't stop. He went slick into the old farmer and knocked him over, and they both rolled on to the ice with such a crash that it broke and they went through into the water. What is more, Adolphus went in as well!

Jacko came off very badly indeed. The farmer had a great deal to say to him; and so had Adolphus, who had spoilt all his lovely new clothes. And so had Mrs. Jacko, when Jacko got home. He had borrowed her new fur gloves, and they had gone to the bottom of the pond!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Troublesome Train

In Ireland trains have a way of not being up to time. On one occasion an Englishman, taking it for granted that the train would be late, arrived accordingly. He found that the train had actually been, and gone.

"Surely the train wasn't up to time?" he said to the porter.

"She was," said the porter.

"She's the punctuallest train in Ireland, a great inconvenience to the travelling public!"

Le Train Fâcheux

En Irlande les trains ont l'habitude d'avoir du retard. Un jour un Anglais, comptant que le train serait en retard, arriva après l'heure. Il apprit que le train était arrivé et reparti.

"Vous n'allez pas me dire que le train était à l'heure?" dit-il au porteur.

"Sûrement," répondit le porteur. "C'est le train le plus ponctuel de l'Irlande, ce qui est fort gênant pour les voyageurs."

Tales Before Bedtime

The Old Stump

MORRIS and June ran round the garden, looking for the babies.

"Because," June said, "we really haven't played with them for ages, and we were rather cross when they wanted to go blackberrying with us."

Morris nodded. He knew that June was right; they had not been too nice to the little brother and sister who had been left alone. But then Morris was a boy of ten, and June was nine, and there was so little that the babies could do.

He watched June run to the sand-pit where they were playing, and sit down with them. Then he stood for a long time, thinking deeply.

After a while he disappeared, and June heard the gate clang.

Presently she looked up and saw him coming toward them.

"Why don't the babies go and play in the field?" he asked. "You know, June, fairies dance round the old tree stump at night, when the Moon shines."

The little ones looked up at him big-eyed.

"Oh, they do," he went on. "They have dances there, and midnight feasts, and, if Babs and Bunty hung round a bit, they might see them, or something that had been left behind from one of their parties."

June smiled, and said, "Yes, they might." But the babies were already scrambling up.

"I'm going," said Babs; and Bunty joined in, "Me too," and they toddled off.

They crept through the hole in the hedge, and then ran over the field to the old tree stump.



The fairies had been there

Then they stood still with big smiles all over their little faces.

The fairies had been there when the Moon was shining! They had had a party at midnight, and they had left something behind!

Some dinky little paper dishes with lovely chocolates in them, and some tiny sweets which looked like silk cushions.

They gathered them up, and ran back to the garden.

"I told you so!" Morris laughed. "That's nicer even than blackberrying, isn't it?"

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 26, 1925

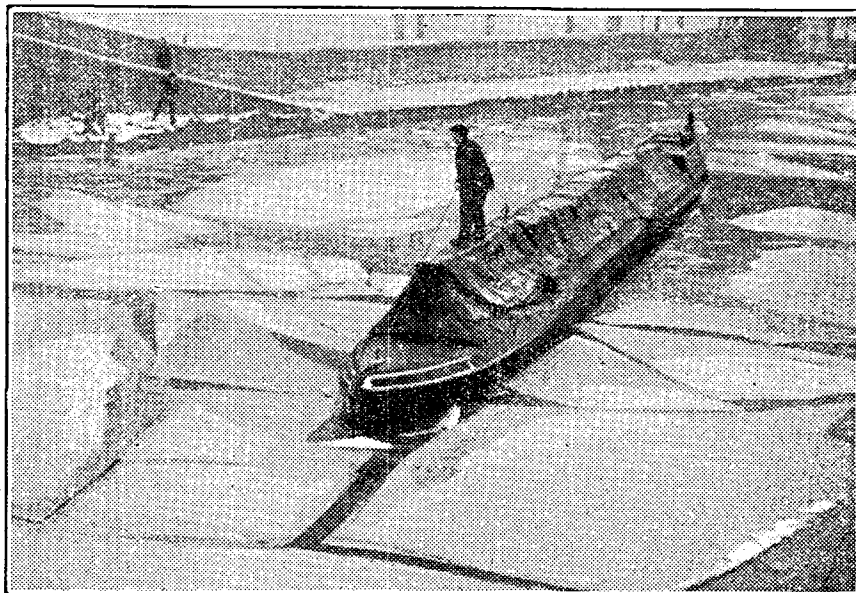
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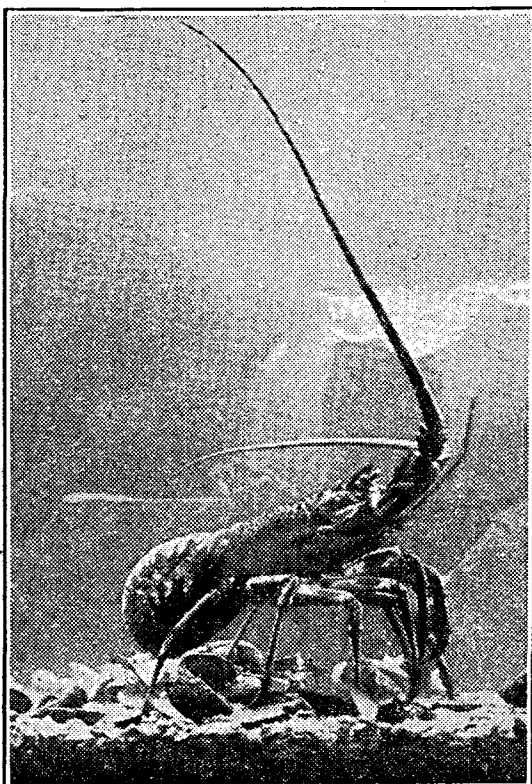
IN ARCTIC ENGLAND • THE ZOO LOBSTER • A QUILT FOR THE FOOTBALL FIELD



The Lifeboat Returns to Land—The wintry weather has brought heavy seas and busy days for the lifeboatmen. Here is the Redcar lifeboat coming ashore after a perilous trip



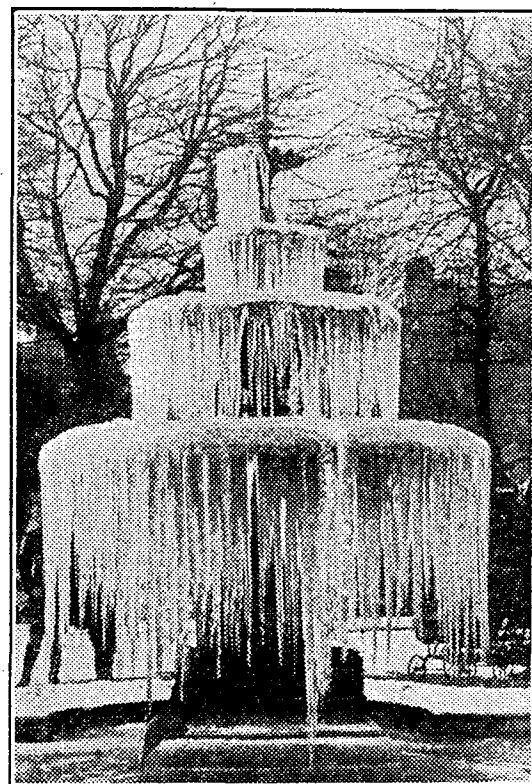
An Arctic Voyage in England—During the cold weather lately the Macclesfield and Poynton Canal was frozen so firmly that a barge used for breaking a way through was icebound



The Spiny Lobster at Home—The new aquarium at the London Zoo gives visitors a splendid view of many fascinating creatures, including the spiny lobster, seen here



An Armful of Geese—Ducks and geese do not like ice and snow, though they are hardy birds, and these three geese were evidently very glad when their young friend took them indoors to be fed



Jack Frost's Necklaces—Here is a remarkable picture of the fountain in Weston Park, Sheffield, during the recent cold snap. It looks rather like a big iced birthday cake



Making Football Safe—Three hundred bales of straw were spread over the Tottenham Hotspur club's football ground in London recently to prevent the soil from becoming frozen and thus postponing an important match. On some grounds fires were kept burning for several days



Saving the Children of Europe—The Save the Children Fund is making a special effort this Christmas to bring a little more brightness into the lives of thousands of poor children all over Europe. This picture shows refugee children in Greece being fed by the Fund

WHAT TO GIVE FOR 1926—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO MY MAGAZINE

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